

## Black Tangled Heart

by Emilie

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Disclaimer: I don't own the BtVs characters, i just like to play with them. Distribution: <http://www.emilie kitten.com> & OzMia and if you want it, take it. Ask first. Summery: Willow's a werewolf now. Or is she? Note: I stole the name from Silver Chair.. the song really has nothing to do with this fic but i love the title. I wrote this \*at least started it\* when I was really upset about something.. haha I don't know if the rest of it is going to be this dark and dank. Probably. Yeah Yeah I know.. I already have 2 fics going.. But I couldn't not write this. It was going to be one part but I couldn't help myself. For all the people who don't give up hope that Oz will be back and stay back. ~\*~ Willow ran through the forest as quickly as she could. Her chest heaved and her heart thudded with such ferocity that she thought it would burst. She hoped it did. She flew into a clearing, moon light splashed onto her face and she collapsed into a heap on the ground sobbing. She couldn't take it anymore, she missed Oz and it was making her go insane.

She couldn't eat, couldn't sleep, couldn't even breath anymore without pain of missing him. It had been nearly three months and her heart was about to break so badly it would never be recovered. She felt the soft grass tickle her cheeks and wondered how she had gotten here. She'd been at Giles house researching something for Buffy when she'd overheard Buffy and Riley talking.

"Really? Graham wants to go out with her?"

"Yep. Saturday night, think you can get her to go?"

"Oh i think so. She's probably had enough time to get over Oz.. I don't see why it took her so long. I know she was hurt when he left, but I think it was the best for her. After what he did? He didn't

have any right being near her."

"Yeah, I didn't know the guy all that well.. brill writer but after what he did and how Willow was acting because of him.. I coulda broke his neck."

"Probably a good thing he did leave town then."

She'd run from Giles, run faster then she thought possible. They hadn't meant her to over hear them. Willow knew they were her friends and just over protective of her, but they didn't know. They didn't have any clue what it felt like to have their hearts ripped out and danced on by their best friends.

Willow had been there for Buffy through the whole Angel thing. She knew that Buffy wasn't as open about her feelings.. about comforting people. Buffy was, well, a bit self centered when it came to feelings. She tried. Honestly, Buffy was her best friend but.. god she didn't get it sometimes.

Willow slammed her fists into the earth pulling up the tender roots of the grass and throwing it as far as she could trying to get her frustrations out. Dirt started to accumulate under her finger nails and she felt a bolt of pain as she cut her hand on something sharp in the dirt.

Slowly she held up her bleeding hand, the cut was shallow but bleeding profusely. She dug with her other hand uncovering a knife, covered in blood. She held back the urge to vomit and dug the handle out of the earth slowly picking it up and holding it against the light. It was a hunters knife, it had been carelessly dropped. The blood on it was still slightly sticky, as if it had only been used a few hours ago.

Suddenly she heard breathing coming from the other side of the clearing and moved behind the shadow of a tree. Forgetting to drop the knife she held it closely to her and stopped her shallow gasps pushing herself against the rough bark hoping that the 'thing' didn't hear her. She had been so STUPID running off into the night!

A man moved out of the dense line of trees and moved to where Willow had been he bent down and examined the mess she'd made and stood up glancing around nervously. He turned on a flash light even though the moon had been full and was bright in the clearing he moved the light around as if looking for something. The man cursed and moved away from the area passing right by where she was sitting. She caught a glimpse of his bloody hands and looked up to see his face.

Cain.

The werewolf hunter who had almost killed Oz was back in town. He was looking for his knife.. Willow looked down at her clothes seeing her skirt had a stain where she had been kneeling in the dirt of red. There must have been so much blood to seep into the earth.

Something had been killed and dragged away from that spot. A werewolf most likely, she'd have to get back to Giles and the others and tell them about Cain they had to stop him from killing more.

She started to get up when something dawned on her, the knife. It had been covered with blood and she'd cut herself. Willow leaned against the tree her mind going blank.

Now she would get to see what Oz went through every full moon first hand. See, feel, smell, be.

~\*~End 1~\*~

\*Oh god, oh god, oh god.\* Willow thought over and over again, her mind wasn't functioning on a fully conscious level. She didn't even know she was moving until she was in her dorm room at Stevenson facing a very worried looking Slayer.

"Willow? Whats wrong? What happened? Blood! Are you hurt? Willow?"  
Buffy

was firing questions at her that Willow couldn't even comprehend yet. She tried to shake herself out of the stupor she was stuck in.

"Huh?" She mumbled and moved and sat down on her bed. Buffy followed her

kneeling down in front of her, getting in her face. Willow wanted to push her on her ass to get her away. No, this was her best friend. Why was she feeling so hostile?

"... Giles and the others were so worried about you! We've been looking everywhere! That was so not cool running out of the house like that Willow. Whats wrong? Willow, please, where's the blood from are you hurt?" She repeated and Willow just stared at her.

"I cut my hand.." she said finally holding up the small cut. "It bled a lot." Buffy just stared at the tiny cut.

"C'mon get changed.. we'll try and get the blood out of that skirt... where are your pajamas? Oh there." Buffy handed her her red flannel Pajama's. Her favorites. Willow stood up and changed quickly then gave Buffy her hand when she asked for it to clean it with a wet wash clothe.

"Willow, please tell me what happened to you? Your white as a ghost." Willow focused on her best friends face. Worry, concern, pity.

"I went for a walk, I tripped and fell down.. and.. I saw a dead bunny. It scared me." Lame. Buffy shook her head understanding.

"I'm sorry about the bunny Wills, you gonna be okay?" Willow nodded and watched numbly as Buffy placed a Band-Aid with silly smily faces over her cut. Nothing would fix that cut, it would effect her for the rest of

her life.

Finally after listening to Buffy yap about how wonderful Graham, Riley's

friend, was for about a half hour Buffy let her go to sleep.

"I'm going to stay at Riley's tonight Will, if you need anything you know the number.. I'll call Xand and the others from Riley's and tell them your okay. Sleep tight." Buffy turned off the dorm room light and shut the door quietly behind her.

Willow curled up into a tight ball atop her comforter, she was hot and cold at the same time and didn't think she could stand being trapped under blankets. She closed her eyes and faces flashed through her mind.

Oz.

Veruca.

Oz.

"I know what you love. I have his scent on me right now." Veruca said tilting her head at Willow. Willow held back a snort of disgust and then

flew backwards as Veruca backhanded her viscously sending her flying. Then Oz was there.

"Don't touch her again." He growled from the doorway. He was panting.

"Come stop me. I like it rough, remember?" the blond headed bitch growled back at him.

Oz glared at her. "You wanna hurt me, hurt me. You leave her out of this."

"How can I? She's the reason you're living in cages. She's blinding you.

When she's gone, you'll be able to admit what you are." Willow shook her

head trying to make herself not remember. Cages. She would have to spend

her life in the cages now. The dream continued without her consent.

"You don't wanna find out what I am." Oz sounded strained. Oh god the sun was setting.

"You're an animal. Animals kill." Veruca was panting slightly now. The sun, it was orangish in the room now.

"You're right." Oz said moving forward towards her. "We kill."

Willow heard the snap of bones as Oz leaped at Veruca, heard their struggles the animal grunts and then final death cry of Veruca.

Ozwolf looked up at her with sad eyes, blood on his muzzle. "Your fault." He said in a barely audible grunt.

Suddenly she was back in Oz's room, walking in. "Hello?"

"Hi." Was her only response. It sounded so hollow.

"What are you doing?" Willow asked as Oz crossed the room and stuffed a few more clothes into the duffle bag that was fairly full.

"I'm going."

"Now?"

"Mm-hmm." Oz mumbled zipping up his bag.

"That's your solution?" Willow asked her voice trembling slightly.

"That's my decision."

"Don't I get any say in this?" Willow said quietly, tears streaming down

her face. She didn't want to break down.

"No. Veruca was right about something. The wolf is inside me all the time, and I don't know where that line is anymore between me and it. And

until I figure out what that means, I shouldn't be around you... Or anybody." He wouldn't even look at her.

"Well, that could be a problem 'cause people... Kind of a planetary epidemic." She was crying now, she knew it.

"I'll find someplace." Still, he wouldn't glance up at her. He was staring at the comforter on the bed.

"Well, how long?" Willow asked half through sobs.

"I don't know." He said finally and glanced up at her.

"Oz... Don't you love me?" She asked her voice wavering slightly.

"No." Willow was taken back. "Its your fault I have to leave, I'm dropping my life. I can't stand to be around you. Your fault that I had to kill because I couldn't let her kill you, your so pathetic." Oz's voice was low and hit Willow in her stomach like a sledge hammer.

"Oz.. god.. I.." She couldn't find words.

"Your sorry? Ha. That's a joke, your only sorry for yourself. You don't care about anyone but yourself." Oz growled then, his eyes black and animal. "We kill."

Willow screamed sitting straight up on her bed. Tears fell in currents down her cheeks. It had been a dream, that wasn't how it had happened. Oz had said he loved her, he did love her. He would be back. He would.

Wouldn't he? ~\*~End 2~\*~

Willow made her way through the cemetery towards the mesolium that she had vowed never to go back to. As she took a step down the stone stairs down into the crypt memories flashed back of that morning. Oz and Veruca.. on the floor.. naked.. tangled in each other.

"Willow... " Oz moved pulling on his pants. Willow was in shock.

"Oh, my god. Oh, my god." She couldn't form any angry words, none left.

"I know what you saw. It wasn't--" He finished putting on his pants and moved towards the cage door.

"I had to. I had to lock her in there with me."

"I bet." Oh here came the angry. Good.

"She's like me. A wolf." Willow shook herself out of the memory and walked into the crypt. Now she was going to be like Oz, going to be a wolf. She couldn't do this, she had to do..

"God." Blood. It was everywhere.. Someone had been in here, the werewolf that Cain had... Killed? What if it wasn't dead, it would be human now. Who was it?

She moved towards the cage, the door was ripped off its hinges and the blood was smeared everywhere on the ground the bars of the cage. There was a puddle near the corner where she assumed the wolf had slept while changing back. It had hid here.. hiding from Cain that's why he was so frustrated.

Willow blinked at the door, she would have to fix that before sundown. She wasn't going to risk getting caught by Cain or worse... hurting someone.

She grabbed the door and looked at the hinges, it didn't look like it would be too much of a problem. She could borrow Xander's blow torch.. put them it back on the hinges. She released the door and noticed the red flakes that had rubbed off onto her hand, there was so much blood. The beast had been smart, careful not to bleed outside so Cain couldn't follow the trail. She had always thought that Werewolves were pure animal during the full moon.. maybe she wouldn't be..

"The wolf is inside me all the time, and I don't know where that line is anymore between me and it." Willow felt hot tears slip down her cheeks. Oz had been so desperate to find something to help him get through being a werewolf. He'd had to leave his whole life.. it was her fault. She walked out of the crate and sat down her back to the door and stared at the cage. This was her future.. and now she had to make sure that it kept her the whole night. Willow left the room and hurried to Xander's hoping he wouldn't ask too many questions about why she wanted his blow torch. ~\*~ T-minus fifteen minutes until sun down. Willow sat in the cage in a loose shirt that she had found, her other clothes sat outside of the cage where she could find them in

the morning.

\*Maybe it won't happen, it was just blood.. maybe its only through a scratch or bite..\*

Wishfull thinking. She knew that in fifteen minutes she wouldn't be her anymore. She'd be a wolf, like Oz. She wished he could be with her.. he would help her through this. But no. He was off somewhere, alone, by himself, probably with chains and stuff. Not with her.

A few more minutes passsed, Willow was tense. She knew she was, it was going to hurt. Hurt worse then anything probably. Maybe she wouldn't remember.. Oz had always said he never remembered changing but she'd always had a suspicion he said that so that she would feel better.

She heard a shuffling at the doorway of the door. Oh crap. Somebody was going to comein.. maybe it was the wolf from last night, how could they have survived? There was so much blood. Willow stood up, what if it wasn't the werewolf from last night?

Suddenly a shadow came into view and walked in. He glanced up at her with shocked eyes.

"Oz?"

~\*~End 3~\*~ Oz was there, he was just looking at her like she was insane sitting in a cage in only a loose t-shirt. "Willow what are you doing here? You need to..go.. the sun's almost down.." Oz looked panicked and pale.

"I can't go." She said not moving.

"You have to, i'm going to change and.." Oz looked dumbstruck by seeing her here.

"Cain caught you last night didn't he? He hurt you... its your blood thats everywhere." Willow said taking in how weak he looked. He was shaking and looked like he was about to collapse.

Oz opened his mouth to say something but just nodded his head.

"Oh god. God." Willow mumbled and sat back down starrng at the floor. They had about five minutes until sundown.

"Willow.. how did you know?" Oz was moving forward towards the cage. Limping slightly.

"I didn't mean to! It was just... I was so angry and the ground looked so darn happy.. so I started beating at it and I cut myself on something.. and it was a knife.. and god... it was bloody! Then Cain came and he was looking for it and he didn't see me and..." she was crying now, she was so sick of crying but she couldn't help herself.

Oz was in the cage, he shut the door slowly behind him and sat down in front of her. Starrng at her beautiful hair it was hanging around her face and she was looking at the ground not him.

"Willow, you cut yourself with a knife that had blood on it?" She

nodded her head sadly. "He cut you didn't he? Cut you with the knife.. and you ran.. before he could kill you. It was your blood."

Oz just looked shocked. "So now your.. going.. your going to become a werewolf." He was having an expression he could tell.

"Yes! I don't know what to do! I didn't mean to.. and your back! And Cain's hunting you.. us.. and I'm so sorry Oz .. I didn't mean for it to happen.. its all my fau.." Willow doubled over as her stomach seemed to split in two and then come back together. She could feel bones crunching inside of her as they shifted and she screamed in pain. She vaguely heard Oz changing with her before the wolfs brain shadowed over her own and Willow was gone. ~\*~ She was hungry, she paced around the cage and glared at the other wolf there with her. He just looked at her with understanding eyes, she wanted to rip out his throat. But maybe not.. he could possibly help her get out? She hated being in this cage. No room to hunt, she wanted to hunt oh so badly. She growled at the male and ran at him, he didn't even flinch.

It was going to be a long, hungry, night. ~\*~ Cain walked around in the clearing where he'd lost his knife the night before. He needed to find that damn wolf, it wouldn't be too hard. He was hurt and probably weak from blood loss. He traced the damn thing all the way across town and then lost the trail.

He was certain he'd find it tonight. There was no hiding from the animal. He heard a howl off in the distance and smiled. Good thing these things were stupid. ~\*~ The male growled menacingly at the she-wolf the hairs on his back standing on end. She tilted her head at him, what? She'd only howled in frustration. She bared her teeth at him and moved to howl again, he attacked her pinning her to the ground. She snapped at his neck. ~\*~ Xander was frantic. He'd gone over to the dorm room to talk to Willow and she wasn't home, no biggie. Sure he was only her best friend in the world.. sure he was suppose to know where she was going all the time. He wasn't bitter. She did have a life. So of course he'd done the only thing he could think of, he'd broke in.

He had sat on Willow's bed watching Sailor Moon for a half hour and then changed to Days of our lives, okay so he had a liking for soap operas? Still she didn't come. He'd waited a few more hours and then Buffy had come home and asked him where Willow was.

"You mean she didn't tell you?" he asked standing up and stretching.

"No... I was at Riley's and then I had classes all day I haven't been home." Buffy stared at him suspiciously. "You mean she didn't let you in?"

Xanders eyes got wide. "well umm, no?" Buffy glared.

"Alexander Harris!" Xander flinched. He hated when Buffy used his full name.

"Yes Ma'am?"

"Did you break in?" She growled moving towards him and shaking a finger.



"Buff, Buffy, the \*Buffster\* Would I do something so criminal and invade your private room.. and.. sit here for three hours watching the television and finish your last diet cok... No of course not! How dare you accuse me of such a thing."

Buffy just shook her head and set her bag down on the bed. She checked the machine, no messages. Willow usually called to tell her when she'd be home. Cause in Sunnydale you never knew.

Just then the phone rang. Buffy picked it up. "Wills?"

"No. Is Xander there? He was suppose to meet me for a little fu.. he was suppose to meet me." Anya said in a less then amused voice.

"Yeah he is, hey have you seen Willow?"

"Yes. She came over and borrowed Xanders blow thing." Buffy arched an eyebrow.

"Xander's blow thing?" Xander blushed slightly dancing around wanting the phone.

"Yes. The thing that spits fire, blow thing."

"Blow torch?" Buffy threw out for her.

"Yes, now may i please speak to Xander?" Buffy shook her head.

"Did she say why she needed it?"

"No." Anya said getting really annoyed with the blond. "Let me speak to Xander, I told you, he's mine. You can't have him... and.." Buffy handed him the phone and went to her closet grabbing her slayer bag just in case. After a few minutes of listening to Xander fight with Anya about something he finally hung up the phone looking defeated.

"We need to find Willow, I think something's wrong. She came home with blood on her last night and she had it was from a cut from her hand.. but that little cut couldn't' have done it. Something's up, she borrowed your blow torch." Xander nodded.

"I'm gonna have hell to pay for standing up Anya, C'mon." ~\*~End 4~\*~

Willow-wolf kicked Oz with her hind legs scratching his underside with the sharp claws on the end of her toes. He growled but didn't move from where he had her pinned. She tried to launch him off of her but had no luck. She was trapped under his weight so she did the only thing she could think of, she stretched her neck forward and beared her throat to him. Giving up the fight. ~\*~ Buffy jogged down the slope at Willow's favorite park, they had checked everywhere they could think of that Willow would hand out and now it was panic mode time. Xander huffed a long behind her panting and mumbling about how Anya was going to kick his ass.

"Wait.." Buffy mumbled hearing a rustling somewhere in trees.

".... yup, i'm so gonna be road kill when i ... Ow!" Xander rubbed his arm where Buffy had smacked him.

"Shhhh."

He shut his mouth and glanced around nervously getting out the stake he had brought a long. Buffy moved forwards into the trees where she had heard the sound Xander split off from her and moved a little to the right.

Buffy heard a loud snap and a scream from where Xander had gone and then little whimpers. "Xander?" She whispered and quickly ran to where she'd last heard him. Xander was strung up by his ankle upside down on a large sycamore looking very disturbed.

"Damn cub scouts!" He hissed at Buffy and she shook her head.

"Looky who's going for somebody her age." Buffy spun around and glared, she knew that voice. "Dumped the old man?"

"Cain." Buffy spat like it was the worst obscenity. "What part of 'don't let the door hit you on the ass' Didn't you understand?"

Cain shrugged and moved forward poking Xander with his gun, Xander batted at it feebly. The blood was rushing to his brain and he was getting fairly dizzy. Cain yanked out a large knife that glinted in the moon light. Xander's eyes got huge and he tried to swing himself away from Cain only succeeding in slamming back into him. "Hold still dammit or i won't cut you loose." Xander stopped flopping around like a fish and Cain cut the rope, Xander fell onto his head with a thud and groaned.

"That' wasn't very polite.. mr.. guy person.." Buffy glared at Cain.

"Your such a jerk."

"Your such a bimbo." He shot back and placed his knife back into its holder.

"Why are you back." Buffy asked shrugging off the comment.

"Been tracking a werewolf for over three months, every full moon i almost catch it, and it always gets away. Oddly enough it ended up back here and I and I'm going to finish it off tonight. I'm not waiting another month, i don't care if a super strength freak stands in my way or not."

Buffy narrowed her eyes, "Are you so sure about that?"

"Yeah I am actually." Cain growled and grabbed the barely up Xander by the hair yanking him to his feet and putting the gun at his head. "Unless you want your friends brains all over these woods."

Xander whimpered, Buffy stopped cold. ~\*~ Oz-wolf climbed off of the she-wolf and looked at her warily. He should by all rights be tearing out her throat now.. or doing other things. His side hurt from where that damn hunter had stabbed him last night, usually he was healed

and ready to hunt from all the things that had happened the night before. He wanted to chase rabbits or at least this she-wolf.

What was wrong with him? ~\*~End 5~\*~ "You don't wanna do that, Cain." Buffy said starring at him, Xander was shaking and making fuzzy eyes at her. She knew his head was probably killing him.. on accounta he had been dropped on it.

"Why not? Because he's your friend and you'll get back at me? Ooh, i'm shaking in my boots. Sorry little Miss but you don't scare me, even if you are a freak on steroids." Buffy tilted her head.

"I should." She shrugged and scuffed her foot in the dirt. "Do you think that if you shoot my friend your going to get any farther then, oh, maybe those bushes over there before i snap your neck like a chickens?" Buffy asked holding her hands on her hips.

"Silly girl, haven't you realized yet? It's not just one of your friends on the line." Buffy crinkled her eye brows together.

"Huh?"

"Maybe its not your friend, but that werewolf i've been tracking? Its the one that I almost had before." Buffy's eyes widened slightly. "Oz."

"Yeah, whatever. He'll be dead around Sunrise tomorrow. So if I kill this dope here.. and the wolf boy dies tomorrow.. that's two friends.. and if I don't get my pelt well, lets just say, there's always another werewolf out there to hunt. Maybe you'll get infected next."

Buffy was trembling with but held back, she had to get more information before she could hurt him badly. Oz was back, and Cain was going to kill him?

"Why is Oz going to die?" she asked trying not to sound too interested about it.

"Silver poisoning. I almost had him last night, got my knife into his side real good. He got away but.. my knife is lined with Silver all around the blade. Little slivers of it are floating around in his blood now, should start to be excruciatingly painful soon, eventually they will pump into his heart and he'll die. Usually takes about 36 hours, at most. Its a little insurance in case they kill me."

That's when Xander jabbed Cain in the stomach, the gun went off, and the initiative attacked from behind. All Hell broke loose. ~\*~ The she-wolf circled around in the cage quietly, avoiding the big male. He didn't seem at all interested in her and she didn't feel like messing with him. She was too intent on breaking out of this cage, she hated being caged up and wouldn't let it be any more. She wanted out.

Oz-wolf grunted quietly in his side of the cage, he was tingling and it wasn't a good tingle. It was that tingling when your foots been asleep and it wakes up, that needles and pins feeling that if you move it you almost want to scream. He felt that every time he breathed.

The she-wolf looked over at him questioningly and he just looked at her, he felt a connection with her and wished he didn't feel so horribly. They would be a magnificent pair. He doubled over when the tingling hit his stomach and became so intense his eyes nearly crossed with pain. ~\*~End 6~\*~ Buffy went down hard as Riley tackled her. They were all decked out in their commando gear and Buffy wanted to scream. Had Xander been shot?

"This one's dead." She heard somebody say and Riley pulled her to her feet.

"Sorry Buffy, I didn't recognize you." She growled and glanced around. There was a tight knot of Military guys blocking her sight.

She shoved past Riley, "Xander?" The command's blocked her view.

"Move it men, let the lady in." Riley said in a loud authoritative voice. The men parted for her like the red sea.

Xander was laying on the ground in a puddle of blood looking stunned. Buffy dropped to her knees next to him tears streaming down her face. "Oh Xander.." ~\*~ Ozwolf whimpered low in his throat and buckled down to the ground panting. His insides felt like broken glass was swimming around inside of him and ripping him apart. The she-wolf looked over at him, giving him a odd look.

\*Sick?\* she thought, her mind just barely grasping the concept. She gave a longing glance at the front of the crypt silver moonlight was streaming in through the door, she wished she could be outside running in it. Feeling it come over her body like water and soothe her. There would be time for that later.

She walked over to where Oz was and nuzzled him slightly, he turned her head and stared at him with sad eyes. She snuggled down next to him careful not to jolt him too much. She'd keep him warm and maybe he'd be better later on. Then they could hunt. ~\*~ Anya was upset. Xander had stood her up for sex. Xander did \*not\* stand up sex for anything, unless.. could Buffy have stolen him? No. She shook her head and dismissed that, she loved Xander and Xander loved her. He wouldn't do that, not to her, not to anyone.

Although.. he'd done it to Cordelia..

She slammed her quickly threw open the door to Giles apartment, it slammed into the wall and a picture came crashing to the ground. Anya quickly stepped over it when she heard a curse and moved towards the little kitchen where Giles was in yellow plastic cleaning gloves with a big pink sponge in one hand and holding his head with the other.

"Knocking is nice, dear." He said and glared at the former demon.

"Something's wrong with Xander, he stood me up for sex." Giles flushed slightly. "He was with Buffy, he was coming over. Something's wrong, i can feel it."

"Yes.. well.. perhaps they got side tracked getting donuts or something of sorts?" Giles offered taking off one of the gloves and laying it on the cupboard.

"No. Let's go." Giles gawked at her.

"Where?"

"To find them. If Xander's dead i'm going to kill him." ~\*~End 7~\*~  
"Buffy.." Riley was trying to pull her away from Xander. Trying to get her to leave him, she wouldn't! He hadn't left her. "We've gotta do something, CPR, Hymlic, whatever! Please.. we have to save him.. somebody call 911." She cradled Xanders head loosely in her lap, he looked so shocked.

Cain growled from the corner where two of the commando boys were holding him. He hadn't meant for the kid to die, not that he cared. Cause he was big bad hunter guy, he didn't care.

"God.. Xander please.. " Buffy moved to his chest her hands were almost instantly covered in the sticky blood that she should have been used to. The bullet had been a stray.. in the struggle. Shot through Xander's chest, she knew deep down his heart would never pump again.

"Buffy.. you need to.. you can't contaminate the scene." Buffy turned on him her eyes fiery.

"Contaminate the scene?" She growled. "The hell I won't! I'm not going to leave him.. he's just.. he'll be back GOD SOMEBODY HELP HIM." tears were falling freshly again. Xander was going to open his eyes and scream "gotcha!" Any minute now.

Any minute. ~\*~ Giles and Anya trudged through the cemetery. It was their third one tonight but they couldn't think of anywhere else that Xander and Buffy might be. Anya heard some soft whimpering coming from one of the crypts near by and cocked her head.

"Hear something." She said stopping and pointing. The noise was off and on, it sounded like a wild animal caught in a trap.

Giles lead the way silently moving towards the crypt, he dimly recalled this had been the place they had found the new cage for Oz to stay on full moons. Since the library was obviously out of the question. Giles stopped cold at the sight in front of him.

Anya stepped into the mausoleum next to Giles. "Oh look, dogs. Let's go find Xander." She said off handishly. Giles stepped forward. "Oz?" He recognized the white strips, it looked like Oz when he was in werewolf form.

Giles moved a bit closer to the cage and suddenly another form threw itself at the cage, rattling it and snarling viciously.

The red furred werewolf stared at the two humans, they were a threat to herself and to the male. She wanted to protect him.

"By the gods, Willow." Giles was dumbfounded.

Anya shuffled in next to him. "Willow?" She noticed the other wolf

that was still glaring at them. Standing protectively over Oz-wolf.

"He looks sick." Anya mumbled, taking in the situation. This was going to delay them finding Xander. Damn. ~\*~ Buffy growled at Riley and Graham as they yanked her back away from Xander and the other commando's picked up his still form. "Let go of me! We have to help him.. please.. " she fought for a few more seconds and then let the sobs take over. She watched as they hoisted Xander between them and headed for the base where they would take care of him.

Cain stood at the edge of the clearing still flanked by a few soldier boys. "You bastard." she said her eyes narrowing to slits. "this is \*your\* fault!" she screeched and launched herself forward Riley and Graham tumbled forward as she moved with Slayer strength and anger at Cain her fingers forming claws. "You killed him! He wasn't a damn werewolf! You killed him and you don't even \*care\*"

Buffy felt as if she was outside of her body looking down. She wasn't the lunatic woman attacking the man and throwing off the Initiative men, she wasn't the girl tearing at the guys eyes. He had killed her friend, but she was staying calm. She wasn't.. that.

She was throwing wild punches at Cain's chest, hearing the air fly out of his lungs under her power. Seeing his face bleed, she wanted him to feel what he had done to her. Done to Xander. She wanted for the first time in her life since Faith to take a human life, an eye for an eye.

She was becoming more animal then Oz was on the full moon, she was giving into the urge to kill him. He deserved to die. They couldn't get her off of him as he cried out for help as she bashed in his face with her fist. Finally Riley grabbed her around the waist and lifted her up with the support of Graham and Forest.

"Damn woman, take a pill!" Forest hissed as they pushed her down to the ground holding her there until she calmed down. Riley shot him a venomous gaze. After all, one of her best friends had died. She had a right to go a little crazy.

Buffy had taken to sobbing again, uncontrollably. Rolling in on herself into a little ball. She was trying to choke out words and Riley bent down closer.

"Oz, find Oz. He's a werewolf.. he'll die too if you don't find him.. oh god Xander.." She managed to choke out between hyperventilating and tears. ~\*~End 8~\*~ Oz-wolfs stomach churned and twisted and he let out another pitiful whimper. The sun was going to rise soon and he would be turned back into human. His thoughts were foggy with pain but he could blearily make out the female laying in front of him, she had fallen asleep as they did before the sun came up.

Giles and Anya sat outside the cage, Giles watched Oz worriedly fearing for the boy. His condition had deteriorated drastically since they had arrived but Willow had completely enabled them from helping him. They would have to wait for the sun to rise, perhaps Oz wouldn't be sick in human form?

Anya glared at the splotches on the ground, she was upset that they hadn't been able to look for Xander. Giles had insisted on staying

here and watching the dogs. She liked Oz well enough, even if he was a betraying male. Willow was a complete puzzle to her though, always so quick to try and please everyone and at the same time letting them walk all over her.

Anya sighed heavily. She wanted Xander, she missed him. Something in the pit of her stomach told her that he was in danger, that everything and perhaps nothing had gone wrong. Maybe it was just PMS, another perk of being a human.

Both the ex-librarian and the ex-demon were jerked out of their thought patterns when both the wolves in the cage shifted around and a cracking sound vibrated through the crypt. Oz howled in pain as his fur seemed to weave itself back into his skin, his features becoming less animal.

Willow seemed to shift back to human faster than Oz, she didn't make a sound as the changes happened through her body but when it was finished she groaned softly and opened her eyes.

Panic. Panic. Naked. Giles. Anya. Bad. Panic. She could feel a blush creep up her cheeks as she took in the situation. She scooted slightly and Giles turned his head as Anya jumped up and fetched Willow's clothing for her. Willow nodded her thanks and quickly pulled her shirt over her head and only then did she notice Oz. The memories of the last few minutes before the change flooded back into her mind.

"Oz!" she whispered hoarsely pulling the skirt she'd brought on quickly and moving over to him. "Anya, grab the blanket over there." She said pointing to the blanket that she had brought with her just in case. Anya stared at her blankly and Giles did as she asked grabbing the blanket and opening the cage door. He draped the blanket over Oz who was feverish and breathing shallowly.

"Damn." Giles swore and Willow looked up at him questioning with her eyes as she cradled Oz's head in her lap. "I had hoped that the symptoms would change when he became human once again."

"What's happening to him, Giles?" Willow whispered moving a sweaty clump of Oz's beautiful hair out of his face.

"He's seems to have slipped into a unconscious state.. he was awake but the change was probably too much of a stress on his system.." Giles babbled while racking his brain for something to tell Willow. He came up with no easy answer, he honestly didn't have a full one for her.

"Giles." She stopped him and looked up at him with those trusting eyes he had gotten so used to seeing, she trusted him with her life. He was her mentor and someone she looked up to, but even he didn't have all of the answers.

"I-I don't know Willow."

"I do." Riley Finn's voice flew through the old stone mausoleum like a thunder clap. All eyes turned to him, Forrest, and Graham.

"Riley, what are you doing here?" Willow asked worried for Oz, if the

initiative knew he was a werewolf.. knew \*they\* were..

"Buffy sent us to look for Oz." Riley said in a flat tone, trying desperately to show no emotion. He was a soldier, it wasn't his job to relay the bad news to people.

"Where is she? Why would she send you.. how would she know Oz was back.." the questions flew out of Willow's mouth her brain coming up with a million others. She was cut off.

"She's.. there's been an accident." Riley said finally.

"Oh god, not Buffy." Giles said in a horrified voice, Riley shook his head.

"No. Xander.."

Riley didn't even get a chance to finish his sentence before Anya's scream sounded. ~\*~End 9~\*~Oz-wolf's stomach churned and twisted and he let out another pitiful whimper. The sun was going to rise soon and he would be turned back into human. His thoughts were foggy with pain but he could barely make out the female laying in front of him, she had fallen asleep as they did before the sun came up.

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"Oh god, not Buffy." Giles said in a horrified voice, Riley shook his head.

"No. Xander.."

Riley didn't even get a chance to finish his sentence before Anya's scream sounded. ~\*~End 9~\*~ Oz felt the pain rip through his body like he was being shot over and over again and still wouldn't die. He had to fight to open his eyes and they were greeted with a site he never wanted to see again, Willow's shocked face staring down at him she looked on the verge of crying. "Baby?" was all he could managed to gasp out before his lungs protested horribly.

"Oz!" She said looking down at him and forced herself to smile, he felt her grasp tighten slightly on him.

Suddenly he heard strangled sobs from somewhere around him and Giles was talking. He looked over past the bars of the cage and saw Anya lying on the ground in a heap sobs reaching her whole body. Giles was rubbing the bridge of his nose his glasses in one hand and talking to the psych TA, who looked like he was playing GI Joe.

There voices drifted to his ears slowly, "...we've taken him into custody, the gun just went off in the struggle it seems the victim had hit him in the stomach and the man accidentally pulled the trigger which was pointed at Xan.. Mr Harris."

Oz felt Willow shudder against him, she looked so shocked like a deer about to be hit by a car. She couldn't even seem to let herself cry, of course Anya seemed to be doing enough of that for both of them.

"Who did this?" Giles asked finally after a long strangled breath.

"A hunter named Cain." Willow jerked, Oz felt it and winced as the upper part of his body was jerked with hers. She heard her breath seem to quicken and the panic rise in her eyes. He wanted so much to hold her. She didn't say anything.

"Cain? Bloody hell what is he doing back in town.." Giles swore, he seemed to be closing off his grief for a time when it could be afforded.

"From what we can get from Buffy it seems he was hunting.. Oz here." Willow jerked again and Oz took in a quick breath. She didn't seem to notice, she was staring at Riley. "Buffy said he has Silver poisoning. We need to get him to the labs right away to try and reverse the effects..." Oz heard the slight rumble in Willow's chest before it erupted out of her throat in words.

"NO. Your not taking him to yo-your labs! Just so you can dissect him! NO. I've already lost my best friend, I will not loose Oz to your people. No Riley." Her face was in resolve mode. Oz prayed Riley didn't try and fight with her.

"Willow I'm afraid you don't have a choice in the matter, Oz is a hostile and we will take him by force. We are his only hope now, if there still is hope." Giles stepped forward, Anya seemed to be picking herself up off the ground her face that of pure anguish.

"Now see here, I won't have you taking this boy.. if its silver poisoning I'm sure I have a cure... and I-I have no reason to trust your initiative Riley. Not after what i've seen." Riley looked hurt and lost. He couldn't not take Oz, it had been a order by Buffy and by his superior officer.

"We'll arrest you if you give us any trouble." Forrest said behind him, he'd been silent the whole time.

"Then arrest me! You have no charges!" Giles said in a low pointed voice.

Willow was shaking, fear, hate, loss? All of them? Were they what

were making his love shake like a leaf? Oz didn't have time to comfort her as much as he was possible before his body went into spasms and neon lights exploded behind his eyes, and then everything was dark and he lay still.

~\*~End 10~\*~ Oz went limp in Willow's arms and she shuddered violently leaning down. "Oz?" his chest wasn't moving. Why wasn't his chest moving? Willow lay her ear close to his mouth, there was no breath. Giles and Forrest were still bickering about whether Forrest could arrest Giles on charges, Willow turned desperately. "Giles, Oz isn't breathing!" Giles turned and stared

at her, he looked flabbergasted.

Riley rushed over to her and placed his hand on Oz's chest, "the poison's gone too far. Willow do you know CPR?" Willow nodded, thinking of her health classes at high school. Her whole body felt numb. "Okay, Willow, I need you to give Oz breath while I try and get his heart going again." She nodded and Riley placed his fingers laced together on Oz's chest and pushed down. She saw Oz's rib cage contract slightly. "Now." she placed her mouth against him as if in a kiss and blew.

Oz's cheeks puffed slightly, Riley pumped his chest a few more times. "Now, Willow harder." she took a deep breath and willed her air to fill his lungs. She blew hard and his chest flared slightly. Tears were forming again in the corners of her eyes. \*Not Oz too. No.\* Riley began the violent pumping of Oz's chest again. Forrest, Graham, and Giles had pushed into the cage and were crowding around her.

They continued the CPR, but soon enough, Riley pulled back, "Willow.. we can't do anything for him.." Willow glared at him.

"NO. Don't you \*Dare\* say that" she said and got to her feet, gently setting Oz's head on the cold ground. She stretched her arms out over Oz's body reverently. "Riley Move." She growled and he got up slowly backing away from the look in Willow's eyes. Everyone took a step back, Anya came closer to the cage, her make-up streaming down her face. "I see love, I breathe love, I hold love, I feel love, I nourish love." Willow chanted softly waving her hands over Oz's body. Her eyes closed tightly in concentration. "Love is before me, Love is behind me, Love is

beside me, Love is above me." Her hands circled to the different directions she said. "Love is below me, Love is within me, Love flows from me, Love comes to me, I AM LOVED." She screamed and dropped to her knees next to him, Oz, her love. She placed her hands on his chest.

She began to chant the old German spell to bring a love back from the dead she had learned while reading the diary of a germanic witch. She prayed that it didn't go wrong, the woman who had written the spell had apparently incinerated herself. It wasn't true love, the spell was deadly if the love wasn't pure and true. She dismissed the thoughts and

chanted with power behind her voice.

"Sie sehen Liebe, Sie atmen Liebe, Sie anhalten Liebe, Sie glauben

Liebe, Ihnen ernÄhren Liebeliebe sind vor Ihnen, Liebe sind hinter Ihnen, Liebe sind neben Ihnen, Liebe sind Äber Ihnen." Her voice became

a steady cry to all the gods and goddesses that were listening, a cry for help. Willow's eyes were shut so tightly she couldn't see as the rays of soft blue light began to swirl around in the room. She didn't notice as her hands began to glow and that the glow had spread from her to Oz and surrounded them. "Liebe ist unter Ihnen, Liebe ist innerhalb Sie, LiebeflÄsse von Ihnen, Liebe kommt zu Ihnen, Sie sind liebte!"

Something clicked in Giles head, he knew that spell. "NO Willow!" It was suicide, if she continued she would die. She didn't know... "Riley stop her!" He yelled moving forward himself. Both he and Riley were deflected easily and thrown to the ground and Willow continued to chant. ~\*~End 11~\*~

The air was pure electricity, it crackled around the mausoleum and the people in it. Anya backed into Graham and Forrest who had made a hasty exit from the cage to watch from the outside. She was horrified as Willow started to convulse with the energy of the spell.

"Willow, STOP" Giles shouted, knowing it wasn't going to get through to her. Once the spell was started..

"Giles, what is she doing?" Riley asked, he was pushed against the inside of the cage next to Giles. His body still tingling from when he'd been nearly electrocuted trying to stop Willow.

"She's twining their souls. Giving him half of her life, her love, trying to bring back the dead. If she fails, if the love is not pure.. they will both die and their souls will be destroyed."

Riley shuddered, eternal darkness and even more damnation then even hell could offer.

"There's no way to stop her?" He asked breathing heavily.

"No, it's too far.. "

The blue light had formed a large dome around Oz and Willow. Oz's form was completely still under Willow's raised arms. She was shuddering and speaking in the old german. Her eyes blazed a powerful blue.

The others saw Willow collapse on Oz's chest. Willow herself felt something snap and she was free. Flying above the earth through the clouds into a light blue mist. Then Oz was there, standing in front of her. Human, his hair in perfect spikes, wearing his favorite shirt. His green eyes were peaceful and serene.

The came together like waves meeting sand on a beach. Willow felt a strange spinning and could hear him murmuring how much he loved her. Her body was all feelings and sensations and memories.

Oz and her deciding they would "still", Graduation, the fear and the panicking. Christmas, how they had just lain and watched movies while snow fell peacefully. Waking up in each others arms and being able to

just lay there and feel safe and warm and loved. Every sensation of love she had ever felt seemed to magnify itself one hundred fold and echo through her body.

Then she was back in her body. Her eyes fluttered open and she breathed in. Giles was looking over her, a troubled look in his eyes.

"Oz?" she sat up and saw him, lying on the ground. He was breathing deeply and his eyes were starring at the ceiling unfocused.

"Willow." It was a statement said with more love then a hundred endearments.

She launched herself forward and hugged his chest, sobbing with relief. Their hearts beat at the same time, as if trying to be one through their chests and Willow felt whole and real.

Even she didn't know how close she'd come to eternal darkness for them both.

But even the void of a blackness can be pierced by love. The most troubled and tangled of hearts, the blackest of black, can be taken over and made whole again but the purity of true love.

~\*~End~\*~

End  
file.